

THE
B E L L M A N
OF
St. J A M E S's
VERSES EXTRAORDINARY.



L O N D O N:
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*To the Nobility, Gentry, and all my good Masters
and Mistresses of the Parish of St. James's, and
without, these Lines are humbly presented by
JOHN TROT, Voluntier Bellman.*

The PROLOGUE.

Attend, my Friends, attend, and ye shall hear,
Strains not unworthy of the Royal Ear:
Strains such as Lords and Commons may delight,
And such as even Porters shall not slight,
Or G---'s Laureat might be proud to write.

And thou, meek Goddess, who hast stretch'd thy Rule
O'er all this Land, so purg'd of Knave and Fool!
Great DUNCIA hight, oh aid me in my Song,
That I may captivate the mighty Throng
Of all the GREAT, who own thy noble Sway,
Thy *Badges* wear, and thy *Bchefts* obey.
And as for thee, thou Muse, who didst inspire
Your *Swifts*, and *Popes*, with all their paultry Fire,
Keep far away from me, I pray, for why,
They *wa'ant* much lik'd by Ministers, or Majesty:
For me, good tooth, who die to make my Court,
Give me great C--b--r's Talent to make Sport.
Since I should count it worst of all Disasters,
To have more Wit than you, my Lords, and Masters.

On St. Stephen's-Day.

THis Day reminds us of that honour'd Band,
Whose Wisdom has with Blessings fill'd the Land,
Whilst Court and Country's Good walk'd Hand in Hand.
So nicely did they nick the nice Occasion,
That on the Threats of a twofold Invasion,
They to repel the Foe at once attended,
As well as getting Grievances amended.
But as this Subject is too sacred for my Muse,
Depth of Respect must plead a wise Excuse.

On Innocents-Day.

Regen'rate Babes, this Day's congenial Name
 Becomes a People's universal Claim,
 Coaxt, husht, or led by ev'ry idle Prattle,
 Whimp'ring for gingling Gewgaws, or a Rattle :
 Such, *England*, now are all thy Childish Breed,
 An *English* MAN's a Miracle indeed !
 And we may see, if driv'ling thus augments,
 A Nation soon of sucking Innocents.

On New-Year's Day.

KING of the Cannibals, devouring Time,
 Hast thou in all thy Progress o'er this Clime
 Roll'd such a glorious Year as was the last ?
 Or e'er afforded such a *Prospect past* ?
 What a Review of Councils deep and wise !
 Of *Britain's* Concert with her *dear* Allies !
 Of *equal* Honour won by Land and Sea !
 Whilst Chance with Merit did so well agree.
 Now forward look, and without Flatt'ry tell,
 If all Things promise not at least as well.

To the Young Pretender.

Misguided Youth! thy crude Attempt has shewn,
 How little was to thee this Nation known.
 What, if by Choice a Land of worthless Slaves,
 We are not yet stark Fools as well as Knaves,
 T' accept a Yoke from our invet'rate Foes,
 Or *trust* to Chains we have not *forg'd* or *choofe*.
 But, know,—whene'er *Britannia* shall submit,
 Her Sons will of themselves the Fetters fit;
 So spruce, so smooth, like *Lockit's*, shall prepare 'em,
 No *Gentleman* need be asham'd to wear 'em,
 But as to those *you* bring, you quite mistake,
 We neither like the *Makers* nor the *Make*.

To the Two A-----

YE precious Pair! to *Britain* ever dear,
 Who did in Battle all so firm cohere:

Castor

Castor and Pollux like, those loving Twins,
 ---Our Foes, they felt your Union, for their Sins.
 Oh! had ye liv'd in Times of Honour's Sway,
 Your great Deserts had met their ready Pay:
 Then would not Justice have thus long defaulted,
 But you have been most worthily exalted.

To M---- W----

Britain, secure from all invading Foes,
 On thee, as on her Night-cap, might repose:
 No hot impetuous Steps disgrace thy Phlegm,
 Thy Fame shall flow from Tardine's extreme:
 While still you do as much as you can do,
 And guard the State, most *Fabius*-like, *cunctando*.

To L---- B----

OH noble B---! oh let me kiss thy Hand,
 Who o'er thy Passion hadst such choice Command:
 Whom well-tim'd Mercy did so much renown,
 For sparing of the Quarry you had hunted down.
 Yes, thou most constant to thy Country's Cause,
 Proverbial Theme of popular Applause!
 Long may'st thou live *important* as thou art,
 Thy *Head* reproaching nothing to thy *Heart*;
 'That Head so fear'd, which now in humble Sort,
 Rufts an old Smoak-Jack, to an hallow'd Court.

To Two very Great Men indeed.

OH Gemini! who can their Voice forbear,
 And not profusely praise this noble Pair?
 Whom Favour most august has made so great,
 Brothers in Worth, and Fathers of the State;
 Patrons of Sciences, Encouragers of Arts,
 Your Country's Good forever at your Hearts;
 To whose *fair* Service you are so devoted,
 That not a P----- breathes, but what's promoted.
 Oh were I a Cousin but ten Degrees remov'd,
 That into some snug Place I might be shov'd;
 In Garret vile, no more I'd metrify,
 But strut a Minister, and who but I?

To my good Masters the Nobles of the Land.

OH quite alive to Fame, oh greatly born,
 Your Country's brightest Period to adorn!
 How shall the Muse your genuine Worth declare?
 Or paint those Virtues which so strongly glare,
 As were your Sires alive would make them stare!
 Most uncorrupt Protectors of our Laws,
 And ever foremost in old *England's* Cause;
 No dirty Job is seen to stain your Ermin,
 Or level you with Grubs and Courtly Vermin.
 In Arms and Arts *alike* you lead the Van,
 Glorious to end what *W——le* first began,
 Who center'd all Things in his *touching* Plan.
 Your *Catos*, *Hampdens*, are all stale Examples,
 Sir *Billy*, or his *Grace*, are better Samples:
 And whilst the growing Taste you club to nourish,
 Bellmen, like me, will have their Turn to flourish;
 Strains worthy of such Worthies to indite,
 And just as nobly as you live, will write.

To my good Mistresses.

BY Men in ev'ry Frailty now o'ertopt,
 Who all the Female Character adopt,
 As Fond of Scandal, Dress, and every Toy;
 Where shall ye find the *Man* to give you Joy?
 For whom shall ye reserve your warmest Kisses?
 Not for your Fops, that talk like pretty Misses,
 Of Ribbons, Fashions, and the last Assembly;
 In faith, fair Ladies, they too much resemble ye:
 Made up of Puff-Paste, Embroid'ry and Rattle,
 With half-strung Nerves they baulk the amorous Battle.
 Better by far the Foxhunter, or Clown,
 With healthy Sinews shall your Pleasures crown,
 The MEN, indeed, are mostly out of Town.
 Disdain the fallow Fopling's limber Suit,
 Our Nation wants of Men a new Recruit:
 Then let your Country, with your Virtue plead,
 To furnish in the next a Manlier Breed.
 Rare Council! *Lucrece* Self could scarce resent,
 To be at once a PATRIOT, and CONTENT.

To the PLAYERS.

HALL blooming Buds of blessed Reformation,
 Who, not content to edify the Nation,
 By Schemes of loyal Association,
 Have, to the Wonder of this wicked Age,
 Brought holy Hymns and Prologues on the Stage:
 See pious *M——n* out-goggle a Divine,
 And chastest *Kate* the Chorus fervent join:
 Whilst, at the other House, a Popish Vestal,
 For Protestancy does her very best-all.
 What then remains, but that these Priest-like Players
 Should after Anthems give new Forms of Prayers!

To the Italian Musicians.

BACK to your Popish Climes, harmonious Train!
 There say --- our Mob has sent you Home again:
Britain no more the Patroness of Arts,
 Opens her Arms to Worth from distant Parts.
 Maxims so narrow now controul the Land,
 All foreign Merit is grown Counterband;
 Besides, our Manhood too's so ticklish found,
 We dare not trust it with th' enervate sound,
 Least by the Magic of your Song unsoul'd,
 We're bilkt at once of VIRTUE! and of Gold.
 Away! no more your Harmony besots,
 We can't be brave without we're *Hottentots*.

To our L——ds the M——rs.

WELL done! my Brethren, Watchmen of the State,
 Who can your Merit to this Land o'er-rate?
 Tutors to *Solomon*, to whose fine Heads
 We owe the Prospect that around us spreads.
 Whose Patriotism at Home all Hearts has charm'd!
 Whose Vigour has Abroad, all Hearts alarm'd!
 Th' Emperor to you his cheap-bought Greatness owes,
 To you, this Country, its so humbled Foes:
 The Storm that lowr'd by you is dissipated,
 That Storm, which, not your Conduct, first created.
 No Nation sure was ever better guided,
 Or e'er with greater Chiefs, by Land and Sea provided.

Then

Then who than you can better e'er secure us ?
 Whilst ev'ry Minister's a *Palinurus*.
 No Shelves, or Rocks, the Bark of State need fear,
 Whist *Hands* like you are at the Helm to steer :
 From my sublime Apartment, oft have I
 Beheld your Acts, with Wonder, and Envy,
 To see us Garreteers so far out-done,
 And all our Politics by yours out-shone :
 No,—to our Shames we could not you excel,
 Or manage Matters above half as well.
 Proceed, and still go on to be *admir'd*,
 More in your Praise I'd say,—but, faith, I'm sick, and tir'd.

E P I L O G U E.

“ **N**OW I have *finish'd* what I did intend,
 “ And hope in them I no one do offend.”
 So says a Brother Bellman,—so say I.
 For I so venerate the GREAT, perdy !
 That I would fain their bright Examples ape,
 And on their Model all my Morals shape :
 Like them I'd scorn all Honour and Renown,
 And sell my Trust, or Self, for Half-a-Crown
 Plead Principle for each sweet pretty Job,
 And loyal stick to all that fills my Fob.
 Like *rotten* Fish, by *dark*, thus sure to shine
 With Dukes and Nobles in a splendid Line;
 Glad to behold the spreading Imitation,
 With these Court-Virtues stock our Manly Nation.
 The Cits to save their Money firm unite,
 The Placemen for their *Selves*, by Proxy fight,
 Whilst Hackney-Scriblers Panegyrics write:
 Thus up to th' Neck intrench'd in Mud and Dirt,
 Where are the Foes can such firm Bulwarks hurt ?
 Or not confess, that wise as we proceed,
 'Tis not without *deserving* we *succeed*?

God blefs your HONOURS, *remember* your
Honest Bellman.